



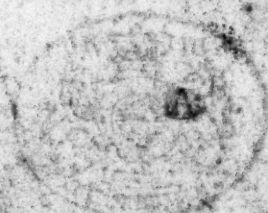
THE
FAVOURITE.
A
TRAGEDY.



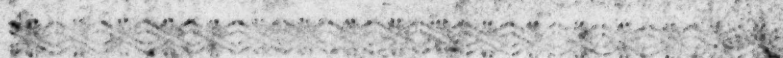
[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]



THE
FAVOURITE



TRAGEDY.



[Price: One Shilling and Six Pence.]

THE
FAVOURITE,

AN
HISTORICAL

TRAGEDY.



L O N D O N.

Printed for *John Bell* at his Circulating Library near Exeter-Exchange in the Strand; and *C. Etherington*, at York.

M. DCC. LXX.



DEDICATION
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, EARL of BUTE.

MY LORD,

FAVOURITISM is a rock, upon which, in all ages and nations, especially where any trace of liberty remains; many political leviathans have been wrecked; and it is matter of great astonishment, that any man, who has the least degree of regard to his own ease or safety, should push himself into a station so obnoxious and perilous.

In the history of this nation, particularly, we scarcely read of one monopolizer of royal favour,
who

who has not done unspeakable prejudice to the commonwealth, and brought ruin upon himself; even the good intentions of such a character, for the worst may have some, are misinterpreted; and received with dislike, because proceeding from a suspicious quarter.

If a monarch unhappily manifests partial friendship and too enlarged an opinion for any one subject; gratitude, as well as policy, should make that subject really, not affectedly shrink from the meridian blaze of court sunshine, to a more temperate distance; lest, like Semele, courting a dangerous excess of glory, he should meet inevitable fate.

But why, my lord, these prelusive remarks in a dedication to your lordship? whose penetrating wisdom, philosophical humility, chaste temperance, boundless patriotism, and unshaken loyalty; have long since convinced the public that you never cast an eye towards the envied pinnacle of greatness here pointed at; but as contrasts make a deep impression; as beauty gains fresh charms from opposed deformity; as sickness gives a double relish to health, and darkness to light, so I offer the following picture of SEJANUS, the great *Roman Minister*; there being such an amazing disparity, as must confirm the glorious character you at present possess.

The

DEDICATION.

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The SPENCERS, MORTIMER, WOLSEY, BUCKINGHAM, and STRAFFORD, with many other ill-fated monopolizers of royal favour; contrasted to the EARL of BUTE, operate like shades in painting to relieve, and render the light parts more striking: you, my lord, never did, by the instigation of selfish ambition, like them, avail yourself of kingly confidence, to recommend persons of pliant and servile tempers for offices of government; you never, like SEJANUS, represented loyal and able subjects as factious and disaffected, only for contradicting your measures, or refusing to walk in leading-strings.

Your delicate feelings, my lord, could never descend to play one part of the royal family against the other; you never advised the dismissal of counsellors, loved and applauded by the people; to make way for others totally detested. You never dabbled in parliamentary elections, nor encouraged aristocratic combinations; you shewed no partiality to Northern, Southern, or Western subjects; you only held an elevated station to save the people, and bring them, like Noah's dove, the olive branch; you retired without ever striving since to play your friends from behind the court curtain, like puppets, with the wires of state policy.

Having

Having thus, with a very inadequate pen, negatively shewn what your lordship has *not done*; permit me to sketch from history what SEJANUS *really did*; assuring myself that your lordship, in the abundance of conscious rectitude, will immediately clap your hand upon a heart of matchless integrity; and cry, with the Pharisee in the gospel, “O God! I thank thee that I am not as other men are.” Or perhaps you may rather chuse to say, with Shakespeare’s Hamlet,

——— Let the galled jade wince;
My withers are unwrung.

You, my lord, with the intrepidity of virtue, could look calmly upon the TIBER, into which the *Roman* favourite’s mangled carcase was precipitated; or walk without trepidation through that dark cavern under NOTTINGHAM CASTLE; where the villain MORTIMER, and a *libidinous* QUEEN DOWAGER transacted secret scenes of lewdness; nay, I doubt not but your lordship could traverse *Tower Hill*, where so many Scots peers have been made shorter by the head; without breathing one sigh, unless to think that their heroic blood had been shed for some of your name-fakes.

How shall I apologize for offending your lordship’s delicate diffidence, so remarkable for shunning every approach of praise? but as I never have,
nor

D E D I C A T I O N.

v

nor ever wish to taste a favour at your lordship's hand. If I *am* a flatterer, the world must acquit me of being a venal one, and I shall think my humble endeavours well repaid, by being allowed to verify that sentiment, which I am informed your lordship has appropriated for the day, when all Britain, except manufacturers of mourning, will be in tears, on account of LORD BUTE's being called to *join the great majority*; not in a *parliamentary*, but a *mortal* sense——

“ Here lies the man who made the peace.”

Most elegantly laconic! but rather too confined for so dignified a subject; allow me to propose as follows:

*Historians, cease to play your wit on,
A peaceable, defunct North Briton;
Who, take it on a poet's word,
Was truly ev'ry inch a lord:
When France was in a piteous taking,
He tried his talent at peace making,
A treaty fram'd—to end all pother——
No nation e'er sign'd such another.
Ask you the man this praise may suit,
Let me reply—JOHN, EARL of BUTE.*

b

This

This I presume to have the true pathos of panegyric, and another merit which few monumental inscriptions can boast; that is—STRICT TRUTH.

I am,

Without any circumbendibus of compliment,

As every loyal subject should be,

My lord,

Your, &c. &c. &c.

November, 1769.

THE EDITOR.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

WERE I like many play-wrights, the reader would not be previously informed that several speeches in this tragedy are taken from that great dramatic author Ben. Jonson; how suitable the subject is to British policy for some years back the public must judge; and that the piece may be more intelligible I shall prefix a short historical account of its principal character.

Ælius Sejanus was a Tuscan by birth and son of *Scius Strabo*; when young he served with considerable credit in a military station under *Caius Cæsar*, nephew to *Augustus*; then was transplanted into the *Prætorian* band, at that time commanded by *Tiberius*; by a most artful conformance to the various turns of his commander's disposition he obtained so cordial an intimacy, and such an unlimited confidence, that all the most important secrets of *Tiberius*, domestic as well as political; all his views and wishes, were reposed in *Sejanus's* bosom.

When *Tiberius* mounted the imperial throne, this flatterer of his follies, enflamer of his passions, and humble servant of his virtues, (if he had any) was exalted to such an enormous degree of favouritism, that every honest Roman trembled; while venal sycophants idolized the emperor's second self.

Raisel

Raised to such an extraordinary and unmerited height, he viewed with jealous eyes the virtuous few who remained at, or near court; his first material step was taking off *Germanicus*, nephew to the emperor, a prince esteemed for many valuable qualifications, and casting the odium of this dark action upon *Piso Germanicus's* lieutenant; however, the people were not to be blinded in this stab given to public liberty, but justly attributed the detestable action where it was due, and fixed their hate on the ambitious murderer.

Soon after this bold step, he took another of still greater moment, which was no other than the death of *Drusus*, heir apparent to the empire; this he effected according to his wish, by the assistance of *Livia*, wife to *Drusus*, and *Eudemus* his physician; with the former of whom, after her husband's death, he lived in a state of criminal conversation; the reason of resentment was a blow which the prince, who possessed a warm temper, one day gave him: but the whole tenor of his future life shewed that ambition, not revenge, was his leading motive.

Drusus, like *Germanicus*, was not only a violent impediment to his hopes of rising, but an ominous foe to the permanence of his present greatness; no wonder then that every remote bar to the progress of ambition should feel his resistless influence; wherefore, *Agrippina*, wife to *Germanicus*, and her sons were soon disposed of by *Cæsar's* express approbation; they having been represented to that jealous monarch as ambitious and popular; *Silius* and *Sabinus*, two senators, friends to the public good, were apprehended, by *General Warrants* perhaps; and for speaking honest patriotic sentiment

INTRODUCTION. ix

sentiments too freely, some litigious dependants of *Sejanus*, wresting the *Purport* and *Tenor* of their expressions; caused one to destroy himself, and by a formal trial doomed the other to death.

This gigantic favourite at length began to grasp at such boundless extension of power; that, though he had persuaded *Tiberius* into retirement, and had nearly wrought him to believe that all complainants were factious mob, yet the monarch saw what evil effects were like to arise from his lavished indulgence; and being very polite without showing any immediate impression from the alarm he had taken; cast about in his mind for a gradual method of overthrowing the ministerial *Colossus*, which he had so imprudently raised.

To forward this great design, and to prevent any apprehension of a decline in his affection; he appointed *Sejanus* consul, and mentioned him with the kindest epithets in his letters to the senate.

After some time the emperor feigned himself sick, thereby to prove the inclinations of *Sejanus* and others towards him; at length by very slow and timid degrees he brought his resentment to its utmost pitch and sentenced the overgrown favourite to death; this thunderbolt of fate struck him in the plenitude of power; and his multitude of professing friends, not only vanished, like summer flies, before a wintry blast, but even reviled him with the most opprobrious taunts.

After being executed at the *Scala Gemonia*; his mangled carcass was dragged upon an iron hook through the streets, and then cast, with dreadful popular execrations. into the *Tiber*.

Thus .

x INTRODUCTION.

Thus fell that great bad man; who, according to *Tacitus* and *Paterculus*, particularly the latter, was so apparently given to ease and lowliness, that by seeming indifferent to any thing of state, he gained every thing; a veil of humility covered the most insatiable pride, and he affected to receive the opinion of others, when he adopted his own; his mode of managing *Tiberius* was to abstract him from his people, as much as possible; to fortify him against all their complaints; under pretence of easing him from the fatigues of government. All dispatches passed through the minister's hands, who by these means securing the soldiery, and placing such people in the office as he was sure would be subservient; drew all the power into his hands, and was very near attaining the imperial dignity also.

If there ever was, is, or may be a similar character in Britain, a dramatic delineation of it must be of great use both to governors and governed; in which light the following tragedy is respectfully and diffidently offered to public perusal; for the stage it can never hope to gain, while that dramatic star chamber, the licence office, exists.

In the character of *Tiberius*, and introducing him personally at the catastrophe; I have varied from history, but I hope not inexcusably, as the facts are faithfully preserved.

Dramatis

Diagnosis of the

Thymus
Lymph
Spleen
Vasculi
Glandulae
Lymphaticae
Lymph
Spleen
Glandulae
Lymphaticae
Lymph
Spleen
Glandulae
Lymphaticae

Diagnosis of the

Diagnosis of the

Dramatis Personæ.

TIBERIUS.

DRUSUS.

SEJANUS.

VARRO.

SILIUS.

SABINUS.

ARRUNTIUS.

LEPIDUS.

A FER.

SATRIUS.

NATTA.

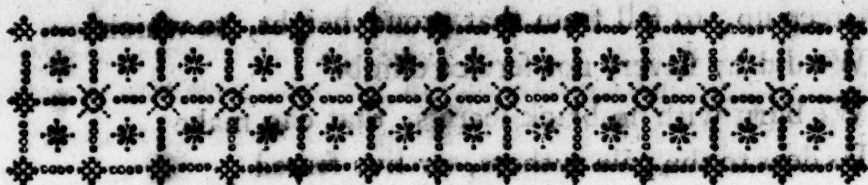
EUDEMUS.

Lictors, &c. &c. &c.

AGRIPPINA.

LIVIA.

SCENE ROME.



THE
FAVOURITE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SILIUS *meeting* SABINUS.

Sab. HAIL CAIUS SILIUS.

Sili. TRIVS SABINUS hail.

You're rarely met at court.

Sab. ——— Therefore well met.

Sili. 'Tis true: a court of vice is not our sphere,
We want the glossy arts and thriving use,
Should make us share the sun-shine of this place:
Which is the soil of flattery and deceit
It is a garden full of baneful weeds,
Known by the name of sycophants and slaves.
No *Roman* spirit here could dwell at ease,
Among the busy herd of knaves and fools.

Sab. We have no change of faces, no cleft tongues
No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick
Like snails on painted walls, or on our breasts

B

Creep

Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which
We did by slavery not service climb.

We burn with no black secrets, that can make
Us dear to the pale authors, or live feared
Of their still waking jealousy, to raise
Ourselves a fortune by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the lines that do advance,
To that so coveted point.

Sili.

Heaven forefend we should.

Yet here dwell some that do. SATRIUS SECUNDUS
And PINNARIUS NATTA, two of the servile herd,
The great SEJANUS' creatures. These are men
Know more than honest counsels; whose breasts
Were they ripped up to light, would plain appear
The gloomy cabinets of every vice.

It is a simple sin, to which their trunks
Have not been made the organs; they can lie,
Smile and betray, impeach the guiltless man;
Sell to their suitors, (shallow grappling fools,)
The empty smoak that flies about the palace.
Laugh when their patron laughs, frown as he frowns,
Change every mood as often as he varies —
Gods! are these men? Suffer ye slaves like these
To take your own great likeness on themselves,
And act such baseness in a human shape!
Why are they not distinguished by a form
Vile and abhorred as their treacherous souls?
Then honesty might seek a different clime,
Divided from these proselytes of hell.

Sab. Nay, so universal is the malady,
That all our *Consuls*, and no little part
Of such as have been *Prætors*; yea the most
Of *Senators*, so worthy is our state,
Start up in public council, and there strive,

Who

Who shall propose most abject things and base.
 So much, that even TIBERIUS hath been heard,
 Leaving the court, to cry, "Oh race of men
 "Prepared for servitude!" — Why even he,
 Who least the public liberty should like,
 Is shamed, and blushes at their servile deeds.

Sili. Well, we deserve it all, nay and much more;
 Who with our luxury and boundless pride,
 Have sunk ourselves to such a wretched state,
 A people who for centuries had been
 Free, equal lords of the subjected world,
 And knew no masters but affections:
 To which, betraying first our liberties,
 We now are sunk the slaves to one man's lust,
 And his curst favourites. — Every ministring spy
 That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
 Of me, of all our fortunes, nay our very lives:
 Our looks are called in question, and our words,
 (How innocent soever) are made crimes.
 Truth is deemed libellous and groans in chains
 We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
 Or think, but 'twill be treason — Where is now
 The soul which animated godlike CATO,
 Who durst oppose when CÆSAR dared do wrong?
 Or where the constant BRUTUS, who being proof
 Against the charm of benefits, did strike
 So brave a blow into the tyrant's heart
 That basely meant to captivate his country?
 Those mighty spirits now are fled the light,
 And not a spark of their eternal fires,
 Glows in a present bosom.

Sab. It wounds to think,
 How much beneath our ancestors we fall;

Who guarded sacred virtue with their lives,
And died with honour, or lived bravely free.

Sil. Oh good SABINUS let remembrance cease !
'Twere better be incapable to think,
Than through reflexion to observe these times.
See the great mistress of the world enslaved,
Oppressed with woes and harrassed out with cares,
While her abandoned sons (quite lost to fame)
Who should her sacred liberty defend,
In luxury and riot spend their time.
Become the voluntary tools of power,
And work the chains to manacle themselves.

Sab. The single spark of virtue, that remains
Within the verge of this detested court,
Dwells in the noble DRUSUS' godlike soul.
He with a heart of heavy painful woe,
Which stabs the quiet of his patriot breast,
Beholds the vices which inhabit here ;
Reluctant views his father's abject state,
Not Emperor, but pandar to SEJANUS.

Sil. 'Tis true in DRUSUS center all our hopes,
I love him for opposing this SEJANUS,
This mighty giant that o'ertops us all ;
This vile Colossus of the Roman state :
In him the sons of good GERMANICUS,
Find a sure refuge from oppressive power.
GERMANICUS !——To think of that great man,
To think how much our country lost in him,
How with him fled all honour from our court ;
How public virtue weeps upon his tomb ;
However tears a soldier may disgrace,
My eyes will pay some tributary drops.

Sab. No more, here comes that poison to our souls,
That essence of ambition and his crew

The

The great, the little, servile, proud SEJANUS.
Now mark the stoops, the bendings and the fall.

SIL. and SAB. retire.

Enter SEJANUS, SATRIUS NATTA, Attendants, &c.

Satr. My lord, a Gentleman of Rome would buy. —

Seja. How call you him, you spoke with even now?

Satr. It is EUDEMUS, Physician to the princess?

Seja. What, DRUSUS' Princess?

Satr. Aye, my good lord.

Seja. On with your suit, would buy you say —

Satr. A tribune's place, my lord.

Seja. What will he give?

Satr. Fifty *sestertia*.

Seja. LIVIA's Physician, say you, is that fellow?

Satr. Aye my honour'd lord, your lordship's answer,
'Tis for a Gentleman you will approve;

And one the grant will certainly make your's.

Seja. The sum's too small; one hundred let it be,
Then with the money, let him send his name,
Know you this same EUDEMUS, is he learn'd?
Is he a man of policy and trust?

Satr. Reputed so, and held in high esteem.

Seja. Then go and bring him to my chamber straight,
I would confer with him about a grief.

Exeunt Sej. Satr. &c.

SILIUS and SABINUS come forward.

Sili. Gods! what a train of baseness there moves on;
Oh desperate state of honour in decay!
Dost thou see this, oh sun! and wilt thou shine?
Methinks 'twere just the day should lose its light,

Inverted

Inverted seasons mangle nature's charms;
 When worthless men have lost the sense of shame,
 And for the empty circumstance of life,
 Decked with ill purchased wealth and lawless power
 Betray their cause of living. — Let us retire.
 The time at last may come, when we shall stand,
 Asserting freedom for our native land,
 In bold defiance to all slavish ties;
 And virtue once again triumphant rise.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes. Enter SEJANUS solus.

Seja. That DRUSUS views me with an hateful eye,
 Is plainly prov'd by ev'ry act and word.
 His sharp invectives 'gainst my growing pow'r,
 Declare, he is an envious dang'rous foe.
 Besides, he stands a bar to stop my course;
 Remove him then — oh study that, my soul! —
 Let not thought rest, till he can think no more.
 Plot brain with direct vengeance fraught,
 To fix my fortune on a stedfast base.
 Ambition places in my raptur'd view,
 The sov'reign rule, the empire of the world;
 And shall this DRUSUS cloud the gilded scene?
 No, first be *Rome* and all her sons extinct;
 If he is mortal, I will rule his fate.
 This same EUDEMUS must transact the deed,
 Whom I will quicken with inspiring gold,
 That certain spur — the bait of sordid fools;
 That surest med'cine to enslave the soul,
 And drive away each conscientious qualm. —
 Conscience, the deity of tim'rous hearts,
 Still rules predominant o'er sickly minds,

A terrible

A T R A G E D Y.

7

A terrible though but an empty shade.
 Why should the scarecrow of each languid soul,
 Aw'd by religion and her phantom laws,
 Be ever suffer'd to assail the great?
 No, let the poor be subject to her sway,
 Whilst men, like me, possess'd of tow'ring views,
 O'erleap all bounds at great ambition's call

Enter EUDEMUS with SATRIUS.

Satr. This is the gentleman, my lord.

Seja. Is this? *Exit SATRIUS.*

Give me your hand, we must be better known.

Report hath, Sir, been lavish in your praise,

And I am glad I have so needful cause,

(However painful in itself and hard)

To make me known to one of so much worth.

Eude. Your lordship honours me with boundless grace

To think me worthy of your smallest trust.

Seja. You are Physician to the princess,

Are you not?

Eude. I am, my gracious lord.

Seja. So shalt thou be to me, but in such sort,

As will not only eternize thy fame;

But make even senators thy friendship sue.

Thou shalt do more than physic ever did,

For thou shalt heal a fever in my mind.

Eude. My lord, the man now breathes not vital air,

Whom inclination would direct me serve,

(In any act that leaves my honour free,)

Before our country's glory ——— great SEJANUS.

Seja. Thou can'st no honour lose in serving me.

What in the eyes of men would seem most vile,

Done for my service, I can so requite,

As

As all the world shall style it honourable,
 Know'st thou the vast extension of my pow'r,
 That I can even make and unmake kings?
 Who is there dares accuse a friend of mine?
 To be a person fix'd in my esteem,
 Will clear thy character from ev'ry stain.
 Therefore inform me, what I long to know,
 (Not that I fear the danger of his hate,
 But as I study for the love of all,
 And hourly labour to promote his sway,)
 Do'st thou not sometimes hear the haughty prince,
 Condemn my character in poisonous phrase?
 To thee his converse and his thoughts are known,
 Then frankly speak ——— it never shall escape,
 But lie as deeply hidden in this breast,
 As if 'twere center'd in the womb of earth.

Eude. Oh my good lord, if I should so betray
 Their counsels, by whose bounty I am fed,
 What would your highness think then of my faith?
 A Breach of confidence 'twixt man and man,
 Betrays a shallow and abandon'd soul,
 As such, could I seem worthy of repose?

Seja. I believe thou art secret — and I'll trust thee,
 Yet I must warn thee 'gainst a dang'rous lapse.
 For if by any means thou should'st disclose;
 Expect a storm to pour upon thy head,
 From which, with life, thou never can'st escape.

Eude. Doubt not, my lord, the steddiest faith and love.
 By all those pow'rs which rule the world, I swear,
 As I shall hope to live beneath your smiles,
 And taste the bounty of your noble soul,
 I'll act with utmost secrecy and care.

Would'st

Sejan. Would'st thou be great, and soar on fortune's wing,
Ere idly drudge an abject life away?
Would'st thou be listed in the rolls of fame,
And like a comet shine to wond'ring eyes;
Observe me well — and I'll point out the way?
Know that the Princess holds my heart in chains,
(As thou hast opportunity and time,
To sound the inclination of her soul)
Would'st thou but be the herald of my love,
And gain admittance, for my fervent vows,
Such wealth, such power, such honour shalt thou wear,
As none beneath regality e'er held.

Eudem. Happy am I, my lord, in this employ,
The Princess oft' to me has sigh'd your name,
In the soft murmurs of desiring love,
And languishingly wish'd she had been your's.
DRUSUS, her present lord, she holds in scorn,
Nor could my friendship e'er affect him much;
Not only for he treats me with contempt,
But still your lordship has engag'd my heart.

Sejan. Let me embrace thee, pull thee to my breast,
In friendship thou shalt be my other self.
But say, thou dearest patron of my wishes,
How I in private may the princess see,
Declare my love and offer up my heart.

Eudem. My lord, this day you secretly shall meet
Within my gardens, there I'll lead your lordship,
And when success shall all your wishes crown,
Then think, my lord, how much I prove me your's.

Sejan. Use thy best speed to find the beauteous fair;
And but affect her with SEJANUS' love,
Thou art a man, made to make consuls.

Eudem. I promise you, my lord, your utmost wish.

Sejan. Let me adore my *ÆSCULAPIUS*!

Why truly this is phyfic to the mind,
Beyond the worth of poor corporeal drugs,——
This ministers content, and would be cheaply bought
With an imperial crown. —— Fly, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so.
Expect things greater than thy boldest hopes
To overtake thee. Fortune shall be taught,
How ill she has behav'd, thus long to lag
Behind thy wishes and deserts. —— Haste and prosper.

Exit Eudemus.

Why this looks well, joy flows into my breast,
The structure of my greatness rises fast,
And soon will hide its head among the clouds.
I *DRUSUS*' wife, as he says, holds me dear
(And I have reason to believe it true,)
The way lies plain to circumvent my foe.
This wretch, whom I have gain'd with fine spun phrase,
And puff'd with promises of large extent,
Shall be the instrument to gain my ends.
What's he that says, I act a villain's part,
Would not all act the same with equal pow'r?
Let none but timid profelytes obey
Where stinted maxims circumscribe the way,
Do thou, *SEJANUS*, follow glory's call,
Nor slack thy pace, till thou art lord of all.

Exit SEJANUS.

SCENE

SCENE CHANGES. *Enter* TIBERIUS, DRUSUS, SILIUS SABINUS. LATIARIS *meeting them, kneels to* TIBERIUS.

Tib. LATIARIS rise, I will not have thee kneel.
Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods and state,
Take not away our human nature from us,
Look up on us, and fall before the Gods.

Lat. Right, mighty lord——

Tib. I prithee peace,
These flatteries do much offend mine ears,
They are most irksome to a gen'rous soul,
Base sordid minds are fed with empty praise,
And fondly dwell upon a train of titles,
Mere trinkets of a childish vanity.

Whence are those dispatches? [*Gives Papers.*]

Lat. From the Senate.

Tib. Are they sitting now?

Lat. They wait your answer, CÆSAR.

[*Aside to Sabin.*] *Sili.* Were this man's mind but equal
to his words,

How great a blessing would he prove to *Rome*?
But when his grace is merely but lip good,
And that no longer than he airs himself
Abroad in public eyes; this is a case
Deserves our fears, and doth presage but ill.

Tib. This answer to the rev'rend senate bear:
I still shall labour to deserve their loves,
And say there can be nothing in their thoughts,
Shall fail to please us, once approv'd by them.
Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than lag,
Behind their will; 'tis empire to obey,
Where such so great, so grave, so good determine.

Lat. What says your highness to the suit of *Spain*,
Does your high will accord with their request,
T'ereft a *Temple* dedicate to you?

Tib. The offer merits, and has gain'd our thanks,
But potent reasons loudly speak against it,
We must (with pardon of the senate) not
Assent thereto, compliance were a fault,
An empty point of ostentatious pride.

Lat. My royal lord, 'twere best assign some cause,
The *ASIAN* cities gain'd a like request,
And this denial may create a jealousy.

Tib. Let our defence for suffering that be known,
Since deify'd *AUGUSTUS* hinder'd not,
(In honour of himself and sacred *ROME*)
A temple to be built at *PERGAMUM*,
We, who have chose to copy all his deeds,
Follow'd that pleasing precedent, because
With our's the senate's approbation join'd,
But as to've once receiv'd it, may deserve
The gain of pardon, so to be ador'd
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition
And unbounded pride. — 'Tis ample glory
To deserve the name of king. — They shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
Who shall report us worthy our forefathers,
Careful of state affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private loss,
For public good, such attributes will be,
Temples and statues fix'd upon your minds;
The fairest, and most lasting imag'ry.

Lat. Divinely spoke—— the *ORACLES* are ceas'd,
That only *CÆSAR* with their tongues should speak.

Tib.

Tib. Their choice of **ANTIVM**, there to place the gift,
 Vow'd to the Goddess for my mother's health,
 We will the senate know, we much approve.
 As also of their grant to **LEPIDUS**,
 For his repairing the **ÆMILIAN** place,
 And restoration of those monuments.
 But for the honours which they have decreed
 For our **SEJANUS**; to advance his statue
 In **POMPEY**'s theatre, they have outgone
 Their own great wisdom in such skilful choice,
 And placing of their bounties, on a man
 Whose merit more adorns the dignity
 Than that can him; and gives a benefit
 In taking, greater than it can receive.
 I am much pleas'd that they so honour him. —
 Haste, and to the senate bear our kindest love.

Exit LATIARIS.

Druf. Most noble father, whom my soul reveres,
 With strict sincerity of filial love,
 Let it not seem presumption in a son
 To speak, where public good so loudly calls.
 I fear the consequence of honours heap'd
 In such abundance on this artful man,
 Who creeps into your breast, but with design
 When time may serve, to sting you to the heart.

Tib. I still have us'd thee with paternal care;
 Bred thee to honour, and a lasting fame,
 Then let me not be frustrate in my hopes.
 The gen'rous mind above pale envy soars,
 And smiles when merit meets a just reward.
 I charge thee then repeat thy fears no more,
 They are unworthy of a kingly soul,
 Of inconsistencies and vapours form'd.

SEJANUS

SEJANUS more deserves than I can give,
 If thou would'st keep a place in my esteem,
 United still in strictest friendship move,
 Carests and think him worthy of thy love.

Exit TIBERIUS.

Drus. Then has my father lost all sense of fame,
 He is of life grown weary, and of rule.
 To dress an idol up with pomp and praise,
 Give honours to a sycophantic slave:
 Make him his mate to rival him in empire.
 A serpent too that labours to destroy,
 And gorge his hunger in his patron's blood.

Sil. True, noble Prince, it is a dang'rous slave,
 And wants not inclination, but the pow'r,
 To prey on all, who dare oppose his will;
 But if with these high honours he is crown'd,
 Then honesty must quickly fly this land,
 Or else in tortures it will meet reward.

Drus. The first ascents to empire still are hard,
 But enter'd once, there never wants, or means,
 Or ministers to help th' aspirer on,
 Nay even those my father furnishes,
 So studious is he to prefer this man,
 That favours still outsoar ambition's wing.

SEJANUS *crosses the stage attended, joins* DRUSUS.

Drus. What, is your highness grown so blindly bold,
 That you will make us foot-steps for your pride?

Sejan. Give way then.

Drus. What to such a peasant slave as thou?
 A serpent that is gilded all without,
 Within all poison and corruption.

Seja.

Sejan. Rail on, for I can tamely hear and scorn
The empty satire of thy headlong youth,
Which knows not how to judge of noblemen.

Drus. Thou noble, reptile, thou art all that's base,
Envy, pale Envy and her ghastly train,
For ever dwell within thy gloomy breast.
When thou wert born, each virtue frightened fled,
And left thy frame the citadel of vice.

Sejan. Thou know'st my duty bids me not revenge,
Therefore no more.

Drus. Ha ! dar'st thou frown at me,
And come ye here to brave me to my face ? [*Strikes him.*]
Be taught by this, how I regard your highness,
Nay come, approach. What stand ye off at gaze ?
It looks too full of death for thy base soul.
Avoid my sight, vile caitiff, or my sword
Shall make your greatness fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph ; your pile of greatness,
And all the partial honours you enjoy,
By me shall soon be levell'd to the dust,
A dread example of ambitious pride.

[*Exeunt DRUSUS, SILIUS and SABINUS.*]

Sejan. A blow — rash youth — that stroke thou'lt dearly
pay,
For if the subtle engine of my brain,
Can work a tangle to ensnare thy life,
By great Revenge thou shalt not live a day.
Before I had resolv'd upon thy doom ;
But this shall be a spur to urge it on.
He who can bear such wrong with steady mind,
Knows how with fit occasion to retort.
Wrath wrap'd in darkness carries certain fate,
Revenge were lost, should I profess my hate.

Ven-

Vengeance shall gather like a summer storm,
 No clouds shall low'r, till fiends the deed perform,
 Take him, when unprepar'd to stand the blast,
 And make one fatal blow the first and last.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SEJANUS, LIVIA and EUDEMUS.

Seja. **P**HYSICIAN, thou art worthy of an empire,
 For the high service done our ardent loves,
 And but that fairest LIVIA bears a part
 In the requital of thy faith and care,
 I should despair of having means or pow'r,
 To make thy friendship ample recompence.

Livia. EUDEMUS, I will see it, shall receive
 A fit and full reward for his large merit,
 In gaining me the great SEJANUS' love,
 Which more than tributary worlds I prize.

Seja. Thou brightest object of my panting heart,
 Thou joy and source of ev'ry pleasing thought;
 Not glory, fame, or aught on earth to me,
 Can hold a balance equal to thy love.
 By heav'n I ne'er knew transport till this hour;
 My days have all been idly spent till now.
 Like one without the use of precious sight,
 Long have I stumbled through a gloomy shade;
 But now thy day breaks in upon my soul,
 The clouds disperse and all around is bright.

Livia.

Livia. How pleasing is the sound of soothing words,
From the dear object of our tender love.

But will this ardent passion ne'er expire;
Can't thou transgress the rule of all thy sex,
So constant prove to keep thy promis'd faith,
Nor slight possession of a doating fool?
Oh! should'st thou negligently fly my arms,
Should in thy breast the flame of love expire,
Should dull satiety estrange thy heart
Life would no longer then be worth my care.

Sejan. Do not my eyes unfold my inmost thoughts,
Do they not speak thee Empress of my soul?
Oh! beauteous Princess, whose transcendent form
Strikes with astonishment each wond'ring eye.
And like the SUN great Nature's source of life,
Indulgent beams to gladden all around,
How dark is all, when thou art from my eyes?
How tedious time when thou art from my arms?
With thee he leaves his instruments of flight,
Nor seems to move, when uninspir'd by thee.
Then if in absence I do ever mourn,
Nor taste of comfort but when thou art nigh,
Thou need'st not sure suspect declining love?

Livia. Think if I fear 'tis only for thy sake,
So much thou art the sum of ev'ry wish
So much the joy and comfort of my life,
So much the object of my hourly thoughts,
That I would grudge ev'n heav'n it's part of thee,
And have thee hail no other shrine but love.

Sejan. It is too much, by all the pow'rs I swear,
Empires are poor to such expence of love,
Nor can a mortal the large boon repay.
Nay it would task the mighty pow'r of gods,

To give a blessing of an equal worth.

Livia. Had lov'd SEJANUS been my wedded lord,
Then had my hours in joys transporting pass'd.
But cruel fate ran counter to my will,
Join'd me to one, who never shar'd my heart,
For it has ever waited upon thee.

Sejan. Why here thou speak'st the malice of our fate;
Oh ! gentle love, were but one bar remov'd,
The road to perfect happiness is plain.

Livia. DRUSUS I know thou mean'st, and much I wish,
For thy dear sake, he now surviv'd no more.
He is thy enemy, a deadly foe.
Yet more ; should he e'er note our secret loves,
What sure destruction must that period bring ?
Heav'ns how I tremble at the rising thought,
It strikes a terror to my shiv'ring heart.

Sejan. One way there is quite open to repose ;
If thou dost hold SEJANUS in thy love,
Nay if thy life or peace be worth thy care,
Thou wilt adventure what I shall propose.
Thou hast the pow'r, the means to fix our peace,
And bid defiance to the frowns of fate.

Livia. If I have pow'r, then safety is our own.

Sejan. Lift then to what precaution does advise.
In DRUSUS' death alone our fears can end.
EUDEMUS shall prepare a potent draught,
Which thou with care must mix in DRUSUS cup
'Twill give quick passage to his fleeting soul,
And we shall taste uninterrupted Joys.

Livia. Yet think a little, I'm his wedded wife,
And though he stands not fixed in my esteem,
I should not be the minister of fate.
'Tis barbarous, nay terrible to think,

And

And makes my blood run chilly through my veins.
Are there no gentler means of safety left,
But must I perpetrate the horrid act?

Sejan. Nature commands us to protect ourselves,
Undaunted then th'important task perform,
Nor let such pallid fears assail thy breast,
Think, if once done, 'twill fix thee safely mine,

Livia. Thy arguments o'er Nature have prevail'd,
Nor will I live with happiness in view,
And through vain fears reject the hop'd for bliss.
Fate shall not bar me from my wish's Lord.
So to preserve SEJANUS wholly mine,
I will administer the fatal draught,
The potion which EUDEMUS shall prepare.

Sejan. Thou bright and reigning mistress of my heart,
So much thy beauty had inflam'd my soul,
I thought no pow'r could have enhanc'd my zeal.
But now I see thy readiness and will
To execute the sure, the only means
To fix thy future happiness and mine,
I own that constancy inspires my breast,
And fires my heart with yet more ardent love.

Livia. Think of the sacrifice which passion makes;
How duty and humanity give way,
And thence infer the value of my love.

Sejan. I do; I do; 'twill dwell for ever here —
A spirit so aspiring great as thine,
Was ne'er created for an idle second,
To DRUSUS' languid flame, — 'twas form'd to shine,
Bright as the Moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
Then LIVIA triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her SEJANUS, shall divide

The name of CÆSAR, and AUGUSTA'S Star
Be dim'd with glory of a brighter flame.

When AGRIPPINA'S fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce seen TIBERIUS borrows all
His light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb.

Livia. My noble lord,
To fix our safety calls for utmost speed;
Therefore we'll haste to banish anxious fears:
For since it must be done, it should be soon;
While now the total softness of my sex,
Is fled far off, on thy persuasion's wing.
Farewel, when next we meet, expect with joy to hear,
That he who bars thy way to empire is no more,
Then judge how far I venture for thy sake.

Sejan. This one embrace and then, farewel my love,
Till that blest hour that makes thee wholly mine,
No perfect joy can dwell within my breast.

Livia. I will but change your words, my lord farewel.

(*Exeunt LIVIA and EUDEM.*)

Sejan. If this be not revenge, when it is done,
And made quite perfect; let ÆGYPTIAN slaves,
PARTHIANS and barefoot HEBREWS brand my face,
And mark my body full of injuries.

Thou lost'st thyself, boy DRUSUS, for to think
Thou could'st outstrip my vengeance, or withstand
The pow'r I have to crush thee into air.

Thy follies now shall feel what kind of man
They have provok'd, and thy fond father's house
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage;

Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.

Adultery! — It is the lightest ill

I will commit. A race of wicked acts

(Such

(Such as are stil'd so by your virtuous fools)
 Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
 The world's wide face; which to posterity
 Shall thunder out the mighty deeds and daring,
 Of great SEJANUS, Fortune's darling son.
 On then my soul, nor stop thou in thy course,
 Though *Heav'n* drop sulphur, and *Hell* belch out fire;
 Laugh at their idle terrors; tell proud Jove,
 Between thy pow'r and his, there are no odds,
 'Twas only fear that first created *Gods*. [Exit SEJANUS.]

Enter SILIUS and SABINUS.

Sil. Mark ye how the beagles of SEJANUS,
 Keep beating round the house of AGRIPPINA?
 There is some game here lodg'd, which they must rouse
 To make their master sport.

Sab. I note them well.

Did you perceive how much they rail'd at CÆSAR?

Sil. Mere gudgeon baits for us to take the hook;
 If on the tide of vice one virtue floats
 Th' industrious crew catch quickly the alarm,
 And angle for it with their utmost skill.
 AFTER their orator I well observ'd,
 He that hath phrases, figures, and fine flow'rs
 To strew his rhetoric with, he who flies,
 And ever is the foremost to get note
 Where blood and gain be objects, steeps his words,
 (When he would kill) in artificial tears,
 Deceitful as the crocodile of *Nile*.

Sab. And yet this man's a senator of *Rome*,
 And holds a place among the foremost rank.

Sili. The foremost, now, is a disgraceful rank,
 The very title *senator* a shame.

By

By heav'n 'twere better be a peasant drudge,
 To toil and labour in the summer sun,
 Or freeze and shiver 'midst the winter's cold,
 Than share the grandeur of our wicked court.
 If I but thought we might not hope a change,
 A reformation in the state of things:
 I wear a friendly weapon by my side,
 Should rip out life, and ease me of the Pain.

Sab. A Pain indeed to every noble mind,
 But hopes must give us patience to endure.

Sil. And they alone can shew the way to rest.
 Say who would suffer the tormenting pangs,
 Which oft attend on bodily disease,
 But thro' the hopes of fresh returning health,
 To heal their pains and give them life anew?

Sab. Behold the noble AGRIPPINA comes.

Enter AGRIPPINA.

Agr. Whither, my friends, oh whither shall I fly?
 No longer can I find repose at home;
 The slaves of pow'r cluster all around,
 And watch with haggard eyes each step I take.
 I fear my children stand on slipp'ry ground,
 For them a thousand anxious thoughts crowd in,
 I fear those fiends who boldly dar'd to strike
 At so exampleless and unblam'd a life,
 As that of the renown'd GERMANICUS,
 Will not sit easy with his death alone.

Sil. If, righteous heav'n, pure virtue be thy care,
 Why fell GERMANICUS a villain's prey?
 Who was a man of ever spotless fame,
 In ev'ry action nearer to the gods,

Than

Than men in nature by their outward forms.
The crowding virtues mingled all in him.
So perfect, that he seem'd design'd by heav'n,
A bright example for th' admiring world.

Agr. And yet this great, this godlike hero fell,
A prey to treason, and the foes of *Rome*.
Oh ! that my eyes had shut out light with him,
Nor liv'd to shed so many widow'd tears ;
Nor to behold such harsh oppressions rise,
As now weigh heavy on each *ROMAN* breast.
Dark lurking daggers wait for honest hearts,
Nor can we claim a certain day of life :
Like poor despairing Mariners we roll,
Amidst the surges of an angry sea,
And view around a group of horrid rocks,
Which, low'ring, fright our tempest-shaken souls.
I could with ease shake off the load of life,
And hush my sorrows in the friendly grave.
Death has no terror, in its Sting, to me.
But then, my sons, they summon all my care,
Those dearest pledges of my much lov'd lord.
The rav'nous *Vultures* hover o'er their heads,
And hourly seek to seize them for their prey.

Sil. First perish all, each traitor piece-meal die.
By all the love I ever bore *GERMANICUS*,
By his great soul, and all we hold most dear,
Long as the tide of life shall swell my veins,
My ev'ry care shall wait your royal race.
Nor shall the last remains of *ROMAN* virtue,
Be sacrific'd, while I have pow'r to save.

Agr. Much am I bound to thank your friendly zeal,
Thou hast a soul, unfit for modern days,
Firm, uncorrupt, a foe to courtly vice,

And

And 'spite of power art virtue's stedfast friend.

Sil. Such let me ever be, or be no more.

I swerve not so from honour's rugged path,

To loll supine upon the down of vice,

Or smoothly glide upon her icy way.

Whene'er I fall to such an abject state,

Let shame and poverty o'ertake my steps.

Sab. Such likewise be the lot mark'd out for me,

When I prefer not honesty to gain,

Empire, or ought that greatness can bestow,

Most gracious princess, here I offer up

My life, my fortune, all I can command,

To save the sacred lives of you and your's.

Agr. Alas, I fear, my friends, our strength must fail,

Before the great SEJANUS' giant pow'r.

He with his grasp can crush the state of ROME,

And all our lives depend upon his nod.

Sil. 'Tis true, great Princess, he o'ertops us all,

They only flourish who enjoy his smiles.

Gods! that TIBERIUS can be so misled,

To let this minion lord it o'er the State.

Nay o'er himself, and royal kindred too.

With patience see him undermine his throne,

And subtly steal it's chief supports away.

Agr. Then have I not just cause to fear, my friends,

That he, who views me with an envious eye,

And knows my children lie across his way

The bars to Empire; will by direct means,

Strive to destroy, and triumph in our fall?

There is no safety where ambition rules.

Sil. Ambition is, indeed, an hellish fiend;

Where that insatiate savage fury dwells,

A train of vices bear unrival'd sway,

And

And such we see presiding now at ROME.
 Yet in one place you have some safety left.
 The noble DRUSUS with sincerest love
 Espouses still the interest of your sons.
 Therefore be comforted, nor doubt but heav'n
 Will keep them safe from cruel violation,
 As some atonement for their father's death.

Agr. When will my niggard fortune pay your loves?
 Oh! gentle friends! may those just pow'rs above,
 That read the hearts of men, reward your faith.
 Your words have much compos'd my lab'ring soul,
 And comfort's smiles dispel the gloom of woe.
 Still then remain the pillars of my hope,
 To you I trust the safety of my sons.
 Each with an ARGUS' care observe his charge,
 For tyranny is watchful o'er its prey.

Sil. We will not fail in duty, or in love,
 Our loyalty let future actions prove;
 We'll guard them safely on the hostile shore,
 And freedom to this suff'ring land restore,
 Or drag the galling chain of life no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE CHANGES, *enter* TIBERIUS *and* SEJANUS.

Tib. When fears assail the monarch of the world,
 SEJANUS, is't not fatal?

Sejan. Yes, to those fear'd.

Tib. And not to him?

Sejan. That is impossible,

If, royal sir, he wisely turns on them
 That part of fate which in his pow'r he holds.

Tib. That, nature, blood, and laws of kind forbid.

Sejan. Do policy and state forbid it?

E

Tib.

Tib.

No.

Sejan. Then aught beside is quite unworthy note,
They must be criminal, if once your foes.

Tib. Think but the hate which on such acts attends.

Sejan. If hatred frights, think not of sov'reign pow'r.
All sickly qualms of conscience must give way,
To him that, safely, would possess a crown.
Gods! should the world's great master be confin'd
By pedant rules of piety and love,
Nor stop the progress of aspiring foes,
Because forbidden by a soft remorse?
Consider why the Gods have giv'n you pow'r,
Why plac'd you high on an imperial throne,
And made the world dependent on your nod,
But for your pow'r to make that world obey?

Tib. Know'st thou, SEJANUS, where our fears arise?

Sejan. If my suspicions but accord with yours,
From AGRIPPINA?

Tib.

Her, and her proud race.

Sejan. Proud—nay, CÆSAR full of danger and distrust,
For full in them GERMANICUS appears.
The same seditious and repining spirit
Dwells in their breasts, and cankers in their hearts.
They live t'upbraid us with their father's death,
And (if prevention waits not on our councils)
My fears interpret to revenge the same.

Tib. There I think thy fears are without grounds,
The act's not known.

Sejan.

Not prov'd, as yet, I grant,
But bab'ling fame, that busy, meddling fiend,
Knowledge and proof does to the jealous give.
It is not fit the children long remain,
Who suck in fury from a parent's death.

The

The latent sparks may lurk a while unseen,
But once inkindled by seditious breath,
Bursting to flame they'll rage destructive round,
And dart at all, nay, CÆSAR's sacred head.

Tib. Ha!—Think'st thou, my SEJANUS, they will dare?

Sejan. The thunderbolt is never seen till felt,
And then it wounds beyond the reach of cure.
Be not secure; none sooner are undone,
Than those whom Confidence betrays to rest;
Let not your daring make your danger such;
All pow'r is fearful once it grows too great:
CÆSAR, 'tis age in all things breeds neglect,
And princes that would keep old dignity,
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by,
Not their own issue,——but so darkly set,
As shadows are in pictures—to give height
And advantageous lustre to the rest.

Tib. Thou hast convinced me of the lurking danger.
And to prevent the stroke of ambush'd fate,
I will command their rank thoughts lower down,
And with a stricter hand than yet put forth,
Will bate their titles, feasts, and factions.

Sejan. How thinks your highness to proceed therein,
The point is critical, and care requires?

Tib. Confinement shall impending ills remove.
Their close cabals, sedition's nursery,
Shall be dissolv'd, to frustrate all their hopes.

Sejan. They are too great, and that too faint a blow,
To give them now; it would have serv'd at first,
When with the weakest blow their knot had loos'd:
But now your care must be to keep conceal'd,
Your just suspicions, from their wary eyes *;
For such who know the weight of prince's pow'r,

* It is remarkable that the measures prepared in this and the following lines, were afterwards used against Sejanus himself.

If once the least discovery they note,
 Like the seen *Snakes* will raise their stings to wound,
 Who else had folded in their circles lain.
 The course must be to let them still swell more,
 Riot and surfeit on blind Fortune's cup.
 Give them more place, more dignity, more style,
 A shew of friendship is the surest snare.
 Then by some means take off their strongest friends;
 The *Lion* once of teeth and fangs bereft,
 May roar and rage, to feel th' indignant lash,
 But has no longer pow'r to oppose,

Tib. We would not kill, could we with safety spare;
 But yet 'tis better give a grave than throne.
 Is there no way to bind them by deserts?

Sejan. *Wolves* change their hair, but never change their
 hearts.

While a relenting weakness sways your mind,
 Your erring reason safety does oppose:
 Self-preservation is the first of laws.

Tib. SEJANUS, thou art still my better angel,
 And I'll no longer mask my thoughts from thee.
 Thy sentiments accord with mine in all,
 And we but prove their voice in our designs.
 Which by assenting thou hast more confirm'd,
 Than if great Jove, to countenance the deed,
 Had from his hundred statues bid us strike. —
 But say, thou guide of all my dearest councils,
 Who of the list shall first become our prey?

Sejan. If I may rule, 't's CAIUS SILIUS first;
 He's Faction's foremost son; mouths to the people;
 Tells what he calls bold truths; complains of wrongs:
 Rails at your ministers — nay squints at you,
 And leads the mobbish populace at will.

He

He is our surest mark, most full of danger.
First hurl him down the precipice of fate.
By how much his fall does give the louder crack,
'Twill send more wounding terror to the rest :
Command them stand aloof, and make more way
To our surprizing of the principles.

Tib. Were it not well to lop SABINUS off?

Sejan. Let him grow awhile—he's but a weakly branch,
He is not ripe for fate, we must not pluck
At all together ; lest we crush ourselves.

Tib. Have we the ground for SILIUS' accusation?

Sejan. Trust that to me ; let CÆSAR by his pow'r
Command a formal meeting of the *Senate* ;
The members of that court obey thy nod,
And ever shall while I conduct the state :
They are, indeed, of liberty the shade,
But policy can turn them into foes ;
Give them but gold, and they will sell themselves.
Though SILIUS brings a shield of innocence,
I will have matters and accusers there ;
Fit precedents and never failing tools
To make him seem what we could wish—a traitor,

Tib. Were it not better we should first consult ?

Sejan. We shall by such superfluous delay
Lose the time of action. Councils are unfit,
In deeds, where rest may prove pernicious.
Actions of this close kind, if once propos'd,
Thrive more by execution than advice.

Tib. Do thou prepare the subject of conviction,
The senate shall be summon'd strait to meet.

[Exit TIBERIUS.]

Sejan. Thus far the subtle artifice prevails,
And Fortune's current in my favour flows.

Like

Like an indulgent mother still she smiles,
 And guards me from the outrages of fate. —
 The surest way to set a prince in blood,
 Is to make dangers greater than they are,
 By huge description and the pomp of words;
 As setting suns protract the evening shades.
 Fears are the surest spur to cruelty.
 Work then my arts on CÆSAR's fears, till they
 Who stop my way to greatness are — remov'd,

Enter EUDEMUS.

Now my EUDEMUS, what's the news thou bear'st?
 Sure 'tis important, for thy eager eyes
 Seem striving to anticipate thy tongue.

Eud. The fatal draught which I with care prepar'd,
 Was secretly convey'd to DRUSUS' cup,
 Which, when receiv'd, began to operate.
 To countenance the deed, I strove to help,
 And seem'd to wonder at the deadly fit:
 But such the forceful poison I'd prepar'd,
 No human art the torments could remove.
 So 'spite of all my *seeming* earnest care,
 His pain-rack'd soul burst from its earthly cage,
 And fleeting left the breathless corpse behind.

Sejan. Then the chief pillar of my fear is fall'n.
 Now my EUDEMUS think of a reward,
 And task SEJANUS' utmost means and pow'r.
 Observe that thou in public mourn his fate,
 And frame by art some probable excuse,
 To make the people think 'twas Nature's act;
 So dissipate suspicion of our guilt.

Eud. Doubt not, my lord, my utmost art shall work,
 To blind Suspicion's penetrating eye. [*Exit. EUDEMUS.*

Sejan.

Sejan. Away then, to be seen with me may cause distrust,
The lordly oak has felt the biting axe,
Whose tow'ring branches kept me in their shade.
My soul disburthen'd of a cumb'rous weight,
Now lightly bounds, and soars to regal sway.
Oh! great *Ambition* (thirst of noble souls,
Th' inspiring parent of heroic deeds)
Dost thou not smile upon thy awful throne,
To see the glorious sacrifice I make,
In adoration of thy pow'r divine?
If then thy votary deserves thy grace,
If I have ever waited on thy nod,
And bent obedient to thy pow'rful sway,
Now aid me to the glorious end propos'd.
With *Eagle's* wings assist my tow'ring flight,
Let subject worlds derive from me their light;
To fill my coffers Nature's riches drain,
Make tributary kings compose my train,
And let SEJANUS lord of mankind reign.

}
[Exit SEJANUS.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SEJANUS, VARRO, AFER.

Sejan. **T**IS only you must urge against him; VARRO,
Nor I, nor CÆSAR may appear therein,
Unless in your defence, who are the CONSUL.
Here are the notes what points to touch on, read;
Be subtle in them, AFER has them too.

Var. But is he summon'd?

Sejan. No, CÆSAR has concluded it most fit
To take him unprepar'd.

Afer. And prosecute all under treason's name.

[They retire conferring.]

Enter SABINUS, ARRUNTIUS, LEPIDUS.

Sab. What should this meeting of the Senate be?

Arrun. That can yon subtle whisperers tell ye;
We are the good, dull, noble lookers on,
And only call'd to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to such fine heads?

Lepid.

See their action.

Sil. Ay! now their brains are lab'ring, now they work;
Their souls the looms of vice are subtly weaving
Some curious cobweb to entangle flies. — *[Trumpets.]*
Hark, this trumpet speaks TIBERIUS near.
Now they take their places, mark them well,
And you shall see them flatter CÆSAR's grief
With pageant sorrow, for his noble son.
The good SEJANUS too will mourn his fate.

Enter

Enter (to them) TIBERIUS, SATURIUS, NATTA, LATIARIUS, &c. The Senate sits.

Tib. Hail to the *Senate* and the state of *Rome*.

Sejan. Great Emperor to whom our inmost souls,
With zealous love and strict obedience bend;
With weeping hearts and bitter pangs of woe,
Your faithful senate mourn great DRUSUS' loss.
But sighs and tears are poor in such a cause;
Were it not certain that we all must die,
This stroke of fate would claim eternal woe.
The righteous gods are just in their decrees;
They may recal the blessings they have giv'n,
And mortals, though oppress'd, should not complain.

Tib. Warm gratitude attends your loyal loves,
'Tis true the loss as father claims my tears;
But as the public is my chiefest care,
To ROME's advantage private griefs give way.
Our mother now is struck with hoary time;
Ourselves with aged characters impress'd,
And DRUSUS gone. We must betimes reflect,
On those who may a timely succour bring:
Therefore our only glad surviving hope,
The noble issue of GERMANICUS
We to the *Senate's* care do recommend,

Var. May all the GODS consent to CÆSAR's wish,
And add to any honours that may crown,
The royal issue of GERMANICUS.

Tib. I thank ye, noble father's, in their right,
And since I've been the happy instrument,
Of your so much desired affection
To this great issue; I could wish, the fates

Would here set peaceful period to my days.
However to my labours, I intreat,
(And beg it of the senate) some fit ease.
The burden is too heavy I sustain,
(On my unwilling shoulders) and I pray
It may be taken off, and reconfer'd
Upon the CONSUL or some other ROMAN,
More able, and more worthy than myself.
To be so held, in guardianship and trust,
Till the young Princes gain a proper age.
I know my weakness and so little covet,
(Like some gone past) that weight which will oppress,
That my ambition is the counter part.

Sejan. But ROME, the mighty mistress of the world,
Whose nerves, whose very life, relies no less
On CÆSAR's strength, than heaven on ATLAS,
Cannot admit it without general ruin.

Arrun. Ah! Are you there to bring his highness off.
[*Aside.*

Sejan Let CÆSAR then no more decline to rule,
Nor urge a point that doth so much oppose
His people's welfare, and his country's good.

Tib. Though I could wish, nay long to be at rest;
Yet if *Rome's* senators command me serve,
I must be glad to practise my obedience,
And strive to be whatever they ordain.

Sejan. Words are but poor to speak our grateful hearts,
For all those blessings which you spread around.
Oh! may your influence continue long,
Still may prosperity attend your reign,
Be still our guardian angel and our God.

Tib. Proceed to the affairs which call us here.

Afer. Stand forth CAIUS SILIUS.

Sil.

Sil.

On what cause?

Afer. That thou shalt hear.

Sab. What can this mean?

Sil. Speak on.

Afer. CAIUS SILIUS, for thy late victory,
Gain'd on SACROVIR thou had'st a triumph,
Which no man envied thee; nor would CÆSAR
Admit thee then to be defrauded

Of any honours thy deserts could claim;
In the fair service of the common-wealth.

But if — after all these instances of love,
It shall appear to CÆSAR and the senate,
Thou hast defil'd these glories with thy crimes?

Sil. Ha! Say'st thou crimes?

Afer.

Patience, SILIUS.

Sil. Preach patience to thy slaves, and not to me,
I am a ROMAN — What are my crimes? — Proclaim them.
Am I too rich, too honest for these times?
Have I or treasures, jewels, house or lands,
Which some informer gapes for? Is my strength
Too much to be admitted, or my knowledge?
These, in our present state, are counted crimes.

Afer. Nay if the name of crimes touch thee so near,
With what imperfect feeble vindication,
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?

Sil. I tell thee, AFER, more with scorn than fear.
Though I'm to stand against thy heart and tongue,
Those mercenary tools of bribing knaves:
Where's my accuser of these mighty crimes?

Var. Here, 'tis I that will accuse thee, SILIUS,
Against the majesty of ROME and CÆSAR,
I do pronounce thee a most guilty cause,
Of drawing out the war in GALLIA,

For which thou late did'st triumph, dissembling long
 That SACROVIR to be an enemy,
 Only to make thy entertainment more,
 Whilst thou tyrannically poll'd the province.
 Wherein by base desires of sordid gain,
 Thou hast discredited thy actions worth,
 And been a traitor to the state.

Sil.

'Tis false.

Var. If I not prove it, CÆSAR, but unjustly
 Have call'd him unto trial here; I bind
 Myself to suffer what I claim 'gainst him,
 And yield, to have what I have spoke confirm'd,
 By judgment of the court and all good men.

Sil. CÆSAR, I move to have my cause deferr'd,
 Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib.

We cannot,

Must not grant it.

Sil.

Why shall he mark out

My day of trial? Is he my accuser?
 And shall he be my judge? A PARTIAL JUDGE,
 Observe O! CÆSAR, is the worst disgrace
 Of delegated power.

Tib.

It hath been usual,
 And is a right which custom hath allow'd
 The magistrate, to call forth private men,
 And to appoint the day,—which privilege
 We must not in the CONSUL see infring'd.

Sil. CÆSAR, this fraud is worse than violence,
 All slavish precedents arise from wrong,
 And choaking reason drown the voice of *Law*;
 I should say *Justice*, for too oft they jar.

Tib. SILIUS, mistake us not, we dare not use
 The credit of the CONSUL to thy wrong:

But

But only do preserve his place and pow'r,
 So far as it concerns the dignity
 And honour of the state, — by the CAPITOL!
 And all the gods I swear — but that the dear Republic,
 Our sacred laws and just authority,
 Are int'rested therein, I should be silent.

Afer. Please, CÆSAR, to give way unto his trial,
 He shall have justice.

Sil. Nay I shall have law,
 Once more that just distinction I propose:
 Shall I not, AFER? Speak.

Afer. Would you have more?

Sil. No! my fine orator, I would no more,
 Nor less, might I enjoy it natural.
 Divested of your undermining arts;
 Your fine-drawn, courtly misinterpretations
 Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
 Free from thine, his, and all your cruel handling,
 Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afer. He raves! He raves!

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
 Had'st thou not CÆSAR's warrant; I can see
 Whose pow'r condemns me.

Var. This betrays his spirit,
 This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. What? because I am an enemy to thee,
 And such corrupted ministers of the state,
 That here art made a present instrument,
 To gratify it, by thy own disgrace?

Sejan. This to the CONSUL is most insolent,
 And impious: if *Magistrates* are thus despis'd!

If the rude tongue of slander thus may wound,
Where reverential awe should duty pay,
Our vilest slaves may lord it o'er the state :
Ev'n this alone is criminal enough.

It speaks aloud a daring rebel mind. —

A pride above authority should fall.

Sil. Right, vindicate your deeds, reveal yourselves.

Alas! I scent not your confederacies,

Your plots and subtle combinations.

Think'st thou, COLOSSUS of the ROMAN state,

I am so blind as not to see thy heart?

To know that all this boast of law's but form,

A net of VULCAN's filling, a meer engine,

To take that life, by a pretext of justice,

Which you pursue in malice? — Oh! ye Gods!

Whom not a world of wolf-turn'd men,

Shall make me accuse, howe'er provok'd.

Have I for this so oft' engag'd myself?

Stood in the heat and fervour of the fight,

When PHOEBUS sooner has forsook the sky,

Than I the field? — Against the blue-ey'd GAULS,

And crisped GERMANS; when our ROMAN EAGLES,

Have fann'd the fires of war with lab'ring wings,

And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it.

When I have charg'd, alone, into the troops

Of curled SICAMBRIANS, routed them, and came

Not off with backward ensigns of a slave,

But marks, in front; wounds on this faithful breast,

Were felt for thee, O CAESAR, and thy ROME,

And have I this return? — Did I for this,

Perform so noble and so brave defeat

On SACROVIR? Great JOVE! Let it become me

To boast my deeds, when they whom they concern

Can

Can thus forget them.

Afer. SILIUS, SILIUS,
These are the common customs of thy blood,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage.
This well agrees with the intemperate vaunt,
Which late thou mad'st at *Agrippina's* house.
That when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only your's
Remain'd in their obedience. — You were he
That sav'd the empire — which had else been lost,
Had but your legions at that time rebell'd
Your virtue met, and fronted ev'ry peril,
You gave to CÆSAR and to ROME their safety.
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their very being's donative from you.

Tib. Is this true, SILIUS?

Sil. Save thy question, CÆSAR,
Thy spy of matchless credit has affirm'd it;
And all your COURT MAJORITY will swear it.

Sejan. If this be so, there needs no farther cause
Of crime against him? — What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of CÆSAR,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay? — In this, all CÆSAR's pow'r
Is made unequal to the courtesy.

Var. His means are all destroy'd, that should requite.

Afer. Nothing is great enough for SILIUS' merit.

Sat. His huge deserts not royalty can pay.

Sil. Why do ye strain invention — thus hunt,
Thus labour for fallacious circumstance
To prove him guilty whom ye have foredoom'd?
Take shorter ways. — I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, — and thus much more I'll add,
Since

Since I have done thee such great service, CÆSAR,
 Thou still hast fear'd me, and instead of grace
 Return'd me hatred ——— so soon all deserts,
 With jealous princes, turn deep injuries. —
 Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.

It is your nature to have all men slaves,
 And he that might your dearest friendship claim,
 Shall soonest perish, if he stand in view,
 Where he but front, or may oppose the great.

Var. Suffer him to speak no more, — mark well his spirit.

Afer. This shews him in the rest, let him be censur'd,
 For proud Rebellion speaks in ev'ry word.

Sejan. He hath said enough to prove him CÆSAR's foe.
 Such self-sufficiency and vaunting pride,
 Will ever hold the state in disregard.
 A turbulent and still repining spirit,
 Is to the constitution a disease,

And may prove mortal, if not quickly mov'd.
 Therefore 'tis just immediate sentence pass.

Sil. Stay, busy senate, yet a moment stay.
 Since I must fall a prey to factious vice,
 And feel th' effect of great SEJANUS' pow'r,
 'Tis fit I ease the burden of my mind,
 And hold a mirror to your dazzled eyes.

That you are ROMANS, being sons of ROME,
 The world allows; and therefore so are styl'd:
 But where's the ROMAN attributes, my friends,
 The virtues which should ever wait the name?
 That independancy, and justice uncorrupt.
 Which plac'd your ancestors in rolls of fame,
 And set them up so high to mate with gods?
 Would they have been the instruments of pow'r,
 And taught their voices to obey command? —

But

But I have done, — yet think not I have plac'd
 My guards within me, against Fortune's spite,
 So weakly, but I can escape your gripe,
 That are but hands of Fortune — she herself
 When Virtue dare oppose, must lose her force.
 All that can happen in this brittle life,
 The frown of CÆSAR, great SEJANUS' hatred,
 Base VARRO's spleen and APER's bloodying tongue:
 The senate's servile flatt'ry ——— all these,
 Muster'd to kill, I'm fortified against,
 And can look down upon, they are beneath me.
 It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd,
 Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
 The coward and the brave must one time fall,
 Only the cause and manner how, distinguish,
 ROMANS, if any be in this assembled SENATE,
 Who'd know to mock TIBERIUS' tyranny;
 Look upon SILIUS, and, so, learn to die.

[Stabs himself.]

Var. Oh! desperate rage.

Arr. An honourable hand.
 My thought did prompt him, SILIUS farewell,
 Be ever famous for this glorious deed.

Tib. Is he dead?

Sil. Ay! to thy vengeance, CÆSAR,
 Thus hath my arm for freedom, ever struck;
 And been successful in the glorious cause.
 Thus do I end an honourable life;
 Nor would I, to exist in such vile times
 Had I the pow'r; prevent the ebb of life.
 Oh! death thy terrors are transform'd to smiles,
 And thy harsh gripe, now, proves a fond embrace.

[Dies.]

G

Tib.

Tib. We are not pleas'd with this sad accident,
Which hath so suddenly prevented mercy
That we intended to this noble ROMAN.

Arr. Excellent wolf, now he is full he howls.

Sejan. Most mighty CÆSAR's clemency doth wrong.
His dignity, — nay safety, thus to mourn,
The end deserv'd of so profess'd a traitor.
An ill-tim'd lenity doth but instruct
Others as factious to the like offence.

Remove the body — let citation
Be issu'd for his wife — let her be proscrib'd —
And for the goods, I think it meet, that half
Go to the public, and to his children half.

Tib. Let this be ratified in our decree, —
Other offenders we'll at leisure try.
And for this meeting break the senate up.
Fathers I do commend me to your loves.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

SEJANUS and TIBERIUS remain.

Tib. This, my SEJANUS, hath succeeded well,
And quite remov'd all jealousy of practice
'Gainst AGRIPPINA and our nephews: — now
We must bethink us how to plant our engines.
For t'other pair, SABINUS and ARRUNTIUS,
Nay and GALLUS too. Howe'er he flatters us,
His heart we know.

Sejan. Give it some respite, CÆSAR,
Time shall mature and bring to perfect end
What with such goodly vizors we've begun.
SABINUS shall be next.

Tib. Thou dearest friend,
To thy sage council will TIBERIUS yield:

For

For well thy zeal and loyalty we know.
Go forward in our main design, and prosper.

[*Exit* TIBERIUS,

Sejan. The chief of *my* designs, I hope, will thrive,
Nor can it fail, while thou art thus misled.
Hear then my flatteries, digest my schemes,
Think me the chief foundation of thy throne,
And lean secure thy weight upon my care:
Till subtle artifice can find a time
To slip--and let thee tumble from thy height.
Then on thy ruins soar to regal sway,
And smile in triumph at thy abject fall.
Already by hypocrisy I've gain'd
A knowledge of his secretest affairs.
Drawn all dispatches through my private hands,
Know his designments and pursue my own.
Make my own strength by giving secret bribes,
Conferring dignities and offices.
The minister who would betray his prince
Must many large dependences appoint,
And those through int'rest will defend his cause.
When once I clap my foot upon the throne,
Even those who hate me now, will own my sway;
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must observe, or else with CÆSAR fall.

END OF THE THIRD A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SEJANUS SOLUS.

WH Y are my thoughts still minist'ring fresh pain?
 Why are new cares still rankling in my mind?
 Nature aloud calls out for balmy rest,
 But all in vain. My ever waking soul
 Sits brooding o'er a train of images,
 Which constant rise in terrible array,
 And shrink my resolution into fears.
 But wherefore should vain fancies thus appall?
 Is not an empire subject to my rule?
 Have I not all that Fortune could bestow;
 In ev'ry thing an emperor but name;
 Is not ambition glutted with my store?
 And yet that faithful mirror of the mind,
 Reflection, still a gloomy prospect shews.
 Often I rouse to banish it away,
 But the tormentor still returns again,
 And like PROMETHEUS' *Vulture* ever gnaws.
 But my past deeds have set me beyond cure,
 And I must still go on or worse endure.
 Strengthen me, furies, with infernal aid,
 Nor let the tyrant conscience more invade;
 Since I am stain'd with blood, through blood I'll wade.

Enter EUDEMUS.

Sejan. Wherefore, EUDEMUS, are these earnest looks?

Eud. My lord, the princess LIVIA —

Sejan. What of her?

Eud. Struck with remorse now flies distracted round,

And

And vows she'll speak the cause of DRUSUS' death.

Sejan. From whence this unexpected curst mischance?

Eud. She says that DRUSUS' shade appear'd last night,
And charg'd her all your actions to reveal.
Possess'd of this she flies o'er all the house,
Crying aloud for vengeance on SEJANUS.

Sejan. A tongue whose words are of such dire import
Should not be suffer'd to have motion free;
She must be silenc'd or she ruins all.
If a dissembl'd passion can prevail,
No farther we'll proceed—but if it fails,
Then our own safety loudly claims her death.
But see, she comes—EUDEMUS thou retire.

[Exit EUDEMUS.]

Livia. Where is the monster that ensnar'd my soul?
Oh thou fell fiend of mankind, most accurst,
Death of my honour, instrument of shame,
How can'st thou stand in open face of day?
Thou should'st cohabit with the gloom of night,
Emblem and picture of thy cloud-wrap'd soul.
Doth not the sound of murder haunt thine ear,
And lawless love invade thy hellish heart?
Hark! the murder'd DRUSUS calls upon thee,
And groans for vengeance from the womb of earth.

Sejan. Does LIVIA then upbraid the act of love,
What but thy beauty could provoke that deed?
For thee I would have sacrificed the world,
And with the world have thought thee cheaply won.
Imbitter not thy sweetness with reproach;
But calm the raging tempest of thy soul,
Through me the God of love invites to peace,
And, smiling, gently wooes thee to be blest.

Livia. Too well I know thy base designing heart,

And

And the dissembling of thy fine-spun phrase,
 To fall a second time thy easy prey.
 Dark crowding horrors compass me around,
 And life is burthensome with cumbrous pain.
 Reflection makes me curse my natal hour,
 The hallow'd womb of her who gave me birth;
 The pow'rs who have permitted me to live,
 The day, the night, the race of human kind,
 But chiefly thee, who led me first astray.

Sejan. Thou could'st not stray and find such ardent love.
 The gods are envious of our perfect bliss.
 Thinking it more than mortals should possess,
 They mingle this perplexity of mind
 To disconcert, and bitter all thy joys.

Livia. What joys? Do any joys remain in hell,
 Or what's the same, a croud of guilty thoughts?
 Who can repose upon a bed of thorns?
 Yet that were pleasure to the pangs I feel.
 Envelop'd with despair, I wish to die:
 But conscience whispers to my lab'ring soul,
 I shall not rest from torture in the grave;
 But find that awful, silent bed of death,
 The gloomy mansion of eternal woe.

Sejan. I'll fondly soothe the sorrows of thy breast,
 If thou wilt kindly take me for thy guide,
 Marking the path to comfort and to peace:
 Let not SEJANUS plead his cause in vain,
 But as he claims in thy affection place,
 As thou hast blest him with thy heavenly charms,
 And once did listen mildly to his vows. —

Livia. Blast the remembrance of the hateful time,
 Oh! that great Jove upon that cursed day,
 Wherein I gave up innocence and fame,

Had

Had struck me with a thunderbolt to earth.

Great CÆSAR shall behold thy worthy deeds,

'Tis he shall thank thee for his murder'd son.

He shall behold thee in thy proper light,

Just as thou art, the serpent of his blood.

Sejan. Stay yet a moment, lovely princess, stay,

Why wouldst thou strive to ruin thus the man

That knows no blessing equal to thy smiles?

Nay, on thyself bring dreadful ruin down,

For such must wait thy unadvised tale.

If thou can'st bid me die, then life farewell,

For all is lost, if I am lost to thee.

Return, my love, enjoy a short repose,

And lull thy ruffled thoughts with healing rest.

I'll bring a cordial shall compose thy cares,

And banish all phantasmas from thy brain.

Livia. I guess the friendly purpose of your heart,

And know the healing balm you have prepar'd.

It is a med'cine I'd receive with joy,

If thou wer't not to triumph in my fall,

And longer live a burden to the earth.

Think not thy cobweb arts shall now prevail,

They are too flimsy to oppose my rage.

Heav'n is grown weary with thy num'rous crimes,

Which cry aloud, and bellow for revenge.

I will be active to complete thy fall.

This to my injur'd husband here I vow.

Sejan. It must be so — I'll stab her treach'rous heart,

Her death, till proper time, may be conceal'd.

Aside.

Since then relentless rage thus rules thy breast,

And thy SEJANUS must a victim fall,

Give one embrace to comfort him in death.

When

48. THE FAVOURITE.

When thou shalt see me in my dying pangs,
Drop but one tear in pity to my fate,
And that will smoothe her most tormenting frowns,

Livia. If ev'ry joy were only in my gift,
I would disperse them among common slaves,
Ere give a grain of happiness to thee.

Therefore expect the dread approach of fate,
When thou wilt curse thy horrid crimes too late:

When thou shalt be expos'd to public shame,
And hear the rabble crowds revile thy name.

Blasted by me, thou shalt fall headlong down,
And tortures meet, for an imperial crown.

All thy ambitious hopes in death shall end,
Without the comfort of one pitying friend.

As thou hast ever labour'd to enthrall,
And hated liv'd, despis'd by slaves thou'lt fall.

With rapture all must view thee gasp in death,
And bless the moment of thy parting breath.

Sejan. Nay then I will prevent thy purpos'd tale. —

*LIVIA goes out, he draws his sword to follow her, and the
Ghost of DRUSUS rising prevents him.*

Sejan. Ha! What Dæmon has the forcerefs rais'd?

Ghost. SEJANUS, from the cave of death I'm come,
To wound thy heart with thy approaching doom.

Sejan. Why am I thus! all pow'r of motion lost.
My limbs deny their office and are numb'd,
My throbbing heart leaps as 'twould break its bounds,
My eye-strings strain with horror at the sight,
And ev'ry nerve confesses the surprise.

Art thou in substance real, or a shade,
Which troubled fancy raises to my view?

Ghost. I am the murder'd DRUSUS' vengeful shade,

By

By thy vile plots to sudden death betray'd.
 Tremble to hear the hour is drawing nigh,
 Wherein thou wilt, bereft of greatness, die.
 Thy titles, pomp, and heaps of fordid gain
 Will then be found most impotently vain
 Nor give thee aught but everlasting pain.
 Like an ill-founded fabric shalt thou fall,
 And with fate struggling, may'st for mercy call;
 But no one God will yield the smallest care,
 To ease the racking torments of despair.
 A guilty mind shall pain thy latest hour,
 And conscience all thy future peace devour.
 When down the precipice of fate thou'rt hurl'd,
 I'll meet and hunt thee through the future world.

}

[Sinks.]

Sejan. Oh! resolution whither art thou fled?
 Why is my soul thus shook with paltry fear?
 Why does my blood run chilly through my veins,
 As if the spectre still remain'd in view?
 What, ho! EUDEMUS, come thou to my aid.

Enter EUDEMUS.

Eud. Why looks, my lord, so much appall'd with fear?
 Why speak your eyes such terror and amaze?

Sejan. Oh! my EUDEMUS, they've beheld a sight
 Enough to turn the boldest into stone.

The shade of DRUSUS came before me here,
 And spoke such words of terror to my soul,
 That much I fear, content will ne'er return.

Eud. My lord, encourage not such idle dreams.

Sejan. What dost thou call a dream? Is't possible
 My eyes could err with ev'ry sense awake,
 And all my intellects in order rang'd?
 As plain as thou, he stood before me here.

H

I am

I am not easily o'ercome with fear,
But when the silent tomb yields up its store,
Nature will start, and tremble to behold.

Eud. But what design you with the princess, Sir?

Sejan. Ha! 'Midst my fears, she had escap'd my thoughts.

Has she got forth to blast us with her tongue?
Must all our glory earn'd with thorny care,
Our pile of greatness, fall a woman's prey?

Eud. She struggl'd to get forth, but, knowing well
How fatal that might prove, I barr'd her way.

Sejan. And by so doing thou hast baffled Fate,
For with her breath we'll stop her bab'ling tongue.
No living foes shall whisper dangerous tales,
If the dead speak, 'tis what we can't prevent.

Therefore, come thou assist me in this deed.
Spite of the thund'ring gods we'll stem the tide,
And cast adversity on either side:
Till fate, thus conquer'd, shall be forc'd to own,
That daring minds reign, uncontroul'd, alone,
And ev'ry act is just to gain a throne.

}

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ARRUNTIUS.

Arr. Still dost thou suffer heav'n? — Will no flame,
No heat of guilt make thy just rage to boil,
In thy distemper'd bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety,
Kindled beneath thy throne? — Still can'st thou sleep
Patient, while vice doth make an antic face,
At thy dread pow'r? — Jove, will nothing wake thee?
Must vile SEJANUS pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt ope thy terror-lid'd eye.

And

And frown him dead? — Well snore on dreaming gods,
 And let the last of the proud giant race,
 Heave mountain upon mountain 'gainst your state. —
 Pardon me, Fortune, and ye sacred pow'rs,
 Whom I expostulating have profan'd.
 I see what's equal to a prodigy,
 A great, an honest, and a noble ROMAN
 Live an old man — Oh! MARCUS LEPIDUS!

Enter LEPIDUS.

When is our turn to bleed? — Thou and I,
 Without a boast, are almost all the few
 Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lep. What we are left to be, we'll be, ARRUNTIVS,
 Though tyranny did stare as wide as death
 To fright us from it.

Arr. It hath so on SABINUS.

Lep. I saw him now drawn from the GEMONIES
 A piteous object of tyrannic hate.

Arr. We are the next, the hook lays hold on MARCUS,
 What are thy arts, good patriot, tell them me,
 That have preserv'd thy hairs to that white dye,
 And kept so reverend and so good a head
 Safe on its comely shoulders.

Lep. Arts, ARRUNTIVS,
 None but the plain and passive fortitude,
 To suffer and be silent, never to stretch these arms,
 Against the torrent, live at home
 With my own thoughts and innocence about me.

Arr. That is, indeed, what ministers desire,
A passive people are an easy prey:
If none dare speak, or will, for public good,
Uncheck'd ambition stalks an easy round:

H 2

I would

*I would myself begin to temporize,
Could I esteem security worth care*

Lep. There is a piece of news, thou hast not heard,
Which were we not enur'd so much to pain,
Thy honest bosom would, I am certain, feel.
But we have almost lost the sense of ills. —
Our young prince NERO is, by sudden order
Of his good uncle, banish'd into PONTIA.

Arr. How! Has the wolf then got among the lambs,

Lep. And DRUSUS the younger brother's prisoner here.
But soft, the wretched AGRIPPINA comes.
Most injur'd princess of all joys bereft.

Enter AGRIPPINA.

Agr. Oh! all ye pow'rs who rule this nether world,
Why have I liv'd to see such wretched days?
To have my blood ta'en from me drop by drop,
To have my children torn away by force,
And made the prey of base SEJANUS' pow'r?

Arr. You must have patience, royal AGRIPPINA,

Agr. Who can have patience 'midst such shocks of fate?
Philosophy is vanquish'd in the strife,
And ills conflicting rouse the passions up.
Not only Nature calls upon me now,
But e'en humanity demands my rage.
Who that is just can see oppression fall
And crush the innocent, with equal mind?
Patience were now unworthy of my soul:
I will have vengeance, and that were *nectar*
To my famish'd spirits. — Oh! my fortune!
Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me,
And ease me from the torments of suspense,
If my poor children are to fall in death,

Benumb

Benumb those pow'rs which teach the heart to feel.
Bereft of hope, deprive me too of fear.

Lep. Good injur'd princess struggle for repose.
These torments on yourself are worse than CÆSAR's.

Agr. Was it to make them prisoners and slaves,
He gave his nephews to the senate's care?
Curst be the arts of such abandoned men.
Just heav'n with patience hear my humble pray'r,
May base SEJANUS feel thy wrath divine,
Make him a dire example to the world:
Let but his fate be equal to his crimes,
And keenest malice could not wish for more.

Arr. To that all honest souls will say, AMEN.

Agr. Is it the happiness of being great,
Still to be aim'd at, still to be suspected?
To live the subject of all jealousies?
Of ev'ry painted danger? Who would not chuse
Once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?

Arr. In all things we are taught to hope the best.
'Tis true, the monstrous actions of these times,
The daily cruelties that wound our eyes,
Have left us but the shadow of faint hopes.

Agr. Nay not so much, 'tis vanish'd all and fled,
Hope to a flatterer is now transform'd,
A perfect courtier to betray with smiles,
And if encourag'd, would delude us still
To deeper ruin in the gulph of fate.
We therefore must expect the worst can come,
To mitigate the torments we may feel.
For me, I view no future scene but woe,
The fatal trap of policy is laid,
And ev'ry step draws nigher to the snare.

Lep.

Lep. 'Tis true the terrors which afflict the land,
Seem to point out the cave of dark despair;
Yet heav'n, in pity to our sufferings here,
I doubt not will clear up the present gloom,
And in its gracious providential care,
Make you and your's in joy and safety live.

Agr. To that our expectation cannot strain,
No place is safe, but that where nothing is:
While thus you stand by me, you are not safe,
Was SILIUS safe? Or poor SABINUS safe?
They were the firm espousers of my cause,
And therefore fell to ravenous wolves a prey.
Away, away; no long stay by me.
Here to be seen is danger; to speak, treason;
To do me least observance, is call'd faction:
Leave me I pray, and let us live apart,
Nor in my ruin sepulchre my friends.
Here let's divide the children of despair,
To sigh in shades, and ruminate on care.
If the just gods, in pity to our state,
Kindly avert the dreadful frowns of Fate,
(And free us from these arbitrary slaves,)
Like mariners escap'd tempestuous waves,
Smiling we'll meet upon the friendly shore,
Nor longer dread the angry water's roar;
But praising heav'n for all our dangers past,
Implore its aid to make the blessing last. [Exeunt.

Enter SEJANUS.

Sejan. The deed is done, and LIVIA's dang'rous breath
To unintelligible air dissolves; —
Hark! methought I heard her voice—it cannot be,
Unless the Dæmons have restor'd her life.

Enter

Enter NATTA.

Nat. Safety to great SEJANUS !

Sejan. Now NATTA ?

Nat. Hears not my lord the wonder ?

Sejan. No ! speak it.

Nat. I meet it violent in the people's mouths,
Who run in crowds to POMPEY's theatre,
To view your statue ; which they say sends forth
A smoke, as from a furnace black and dreadful.

Sejan. Some traitor has put fire in to stir the people.
Some slave has practis'd an imposture on't.
Go, — order the head be instantly ta'en off.

Enter SATRIUS.

Sat. My lord ! the head's already taken off.
I saw it, and at the opening there leap'd forth
A great, and monstrous serpent.

Sejan. Monst'rous ! why monst'rous ?
Had it a head and horns ? No heart — a tongue,
Forked as flattery ? Look'd it of the hue
To such as live in great men's bosoms ?

Sat. May it please the most divine SEJANUS,
I have not seen one more extended,
Foul, venomous, and hateful to the sight.
If I may judge, it is a prodigy,
And other omens do concur therein.
My lord, in taking your last augury,
No prosp'rous bird appear'd — ill-boding ravens
Hover'd up and down — and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they perch'd all night,
Flapping the air with their expanded wings.
I dare not counsel, but I could intreat,

That

56 THE FAVOURITE.

That great SEJANUS would attempt the gods
With a propitiatory sacrifice.

Sejan. Of all the throng that fills th' OLYMPIAN hall,
I know not that one deity but Fortune,
To whom I would throw up in begging smook
One grain of incense; or whose favour buy
At smallest cost. Her I indeed adore,
And always keep her image in my house.
Then bid the priest for sacrifice prepare,
These omens soon will vanish into air,
And you with shame your idle fears confess,
When Fortune smiling shall my off'ring bless.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



ACT V. SCENE I.

SEJANUS SOLUS.

FLOATING upon an agitated flood,
With whelming waves and rocks on ev'ry side;
A mountain weight of guilt, beyond my strength,
Beyond the efforts of my daring heart,
Threatens to sink me in the horrid gulph:
Oh peaceful innocence! how great thy charms,
Though in a noteless, low, sequester'd state;
While greatness rolls upon a bed of thorns,
Content still furnishes thy cot with down;
Wealth cannot purchase thee, nor pow'r command;
To give thee up at proud ambition's call,
How terrible a sacrifice I've made.
Reflection hence!—I cannot bear thy pains,
Hence! and admit even momentary ease.

Enter

Enter EUDEMUS.

Why wear thy features this portentous gloom?
What, have the priests prepared their sacrifice?
And does the darling goddess of my soul,
FORTUNE, with smiles our fervent off'ring grace?

Eude. Far otherwise my lord — omens of direst kind
Darkened with fears our blasted ceremonies:
The invocation made, loud thunder rolled,
And livid light'ning flash'd across the shrine:
The statue to our wond'ring eyes gain'd life,
And starting turned away.

Sejan. Impossible!

Eude. Now by the capitol I swear 'tis true;
Yet what succeeded more astonish'd sight:
Amidst a second louder shock of elements,
The statue fell into a thousand pieces,
And DRUSUS' dreadful shade assumed its place.

Sejan. Dreadful indeed! how chances it the grave
Thus yields up its contents to wound our eyes?
Like death's damp hand 'does thy intelligence
Chill my numb'd heart — what can the fates intend?
Their sheers seem whetted for my thread of life:
EUDEMUS hear, as partner of my guilt,
What I must needs confess — assur'd of future ease
I could with pleasure shake off loathsome life;
Would being end with our expiring breath,
How soon misfortunes might be puff'd away;
A trifling shock can shiver us to dust;
But the existence of the immortal soul,
Futurity's dark maze perplexes still.
If the frail body feels disorder'd pangs,
Thy drugs medicinal can give it ease;

I

The

The soul no Æsculapian medicine can cure.——

I am so tangled in the mesh of fate,

I cannot fortify my breast, nor guard

Against the horrors of besieging crimes:

Yet I must bear it out to public view,

Or all will be inevitably lost.

Enter Afer and LATIARIS:

Afer. Hail to the noblest most renown'd of ROME,

The brightest gem in our imperial crown;

By CÆSAR's order is the senate met,

Greeting he sends a summon to SEJANUS.

Sejan. The senate call'd so suddenly to meet!

And I not preacquainted with the cause!

Sure CÆSAR's love declines, or my dark foes,

Have o'er his heart acquir'd some secret pow'r.

Afer. Doubt not his steadfastness: true as the sun

To his diurnal course; he is, and must be yours.

Sejan. Hear'st thou the cause why thus the senate meets?

Afer. To try CREMUTIUS CORDUS, and the rest

Whose tryals our last meeting were put off

Nay AGRIPPINA too will be impeach'd,

And all things settled to our utmost wish.

Lat. By CÆSAR's order too, we greet you CONSUL.

Sejan. Let me embrace ye friends; I thank your loves:

What dost thou think of priestcraft now EUDEMUS?

Of falling statues and of glaring shades?

Fortune but tries how credulous we are.

Why this indeed outstrips my boldest hope,

CÆSAR does labour in SEJANUS' cause——

But come, let's wing our steps with utmost speed;

Our swiftest haste, is laggard to the deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *the last*, TIBERIUS *in the SENATE seated.*

Tib. I doubt not, fathers, but it gives surprize
To be thus summon'd with unusual haste.
But where there is a mortifying limb,
Quick amputation must the body save;
So in a state whose health your wisdoms rule,
All tainted members should be soon cut off,
Left vile contagion might o'erspread the land.
This to prevent are ye assembled here.

Var. Your highness still has been most just and wise.

Tib. Where is our skillful minister SEJANUS?
He did not use to shun our councils thus.
Hath he been summon'd to attendance here?

Var. A FER hath charge to bring his lordship hither,
And well I know his love will give him wings,
When he doth hear dread CÆSAR needs his presence.

Tib. Why doubt we his fidelity and love?

Var. His lordship comes — room for the great SEJANUS.

Enter SEJANUS, A FER, and LATIARIS, &c.

Arr. Now LEPIDUS behold the servile crew,
How, spaniel-like, they cringe and fawn and bow.

[Aside.]

Sejan. Health to great CÆSAR and the state of ROME!

Tib. That to preserve are we assembled here,
And though perhaps not plain to public view,
Yet, rev'rend fathers, 'tis endanger'd much.
Such hellish practices are hourly wrought,
As to be told will strike ye with surprize:
The wise SEJANUS can unfold them all.
Speak then, our dearest counsellor and friend,
Of what you know concerns the ROMAN state.

Nor fear to pain in probing of our wounds.
 I know thy tender and relenting heart
 Feels utmost pangs for such abhorred crimes;
 But yet would smooth the offences of my blood,
 Nor give true colour to my kinsmen's guilt,
 Lest it should fix a stain upon my name.
 But as thou hold'st thy prince and country dear,
 Speak ev'n thy fears without the least disguise.

Sejan. To be thus honour'd by my sov'reign lord,
 To have such confidence repos'd in me,
 Is more than all my services can claim;
 But what I can, I will, with duty pay.
 Since I must speak, (yet would 'twere not my task)
 In AGRIPPINA all our dangers lurk.
 She, madly thirsting for imperial sway,
 Doth hourly plot among conspiring friends,
 To place her darling son upon the throne,
 So to o'erturn our present happy state.
 With specious promises, fallacious tears,
 Many she gains to her rebellious ends;
 Such discontented and repining slaves,
 As hope by revolution to amend.
 Already some have suffer'd for the cause,
 As SILIUS and SABINUS—more remain,
 Which as they merit will I hope be us'd.

Tib. I hope so too; and shall if I have pow'r.

Var. My lord SEJANUS shall determine all,
 His voice shall crush these cankers of the state.

Afer. He is a worthy and right noble lord.

Lat. Determinate and just in his decrees.

Arr. Hark, the court birds now all in chorus join,
 SEJANUS whistles, and they learn the tune. }

Sejan. Most reverend fathers! for my single self,

I could

I could be most content with private life,
 Abstracted from the turmoils of the state.
 Peaceful retirement best would suit my mind.
 But for my emperor's and your lov'd sakes
 What pains, what perils would I not endure?
 I have not sought the honours I enjoy.
 Nor yet impress'd by interested views,
 My weak ambition never soar'd more high
 Than to approve me loyal to my prince,
 And still industrious for my country's good.
 These were the principles I still preserv'd,
 While overflowing bounties paid my deeds.

Afer. They have been all deserv'd and many more.

Lat. Fathers let's build a temple to his fame.

Nat. He is the great protector of our state,
 And therefore should be rank'd amongst the gods.

Var. Fathers, well mov'd — the senate will approve.

Tib. Fathers, forbear, ye know not what ye do,
 The swelling tide of unrestrain'd success,
 Has flow'd so high, as near to break its bounds,
 And deluge in destruction o'er the state.
 I will remove the blind which stands before
 And stops the penetration of your sight,
 Shew you this traitor 'circled round with guilt,
 Whom I have rais'd upon the wing of hope;
 More to torment him with the shock of fate,
 Which like the unseen thunderbolt now falls
 To crush this heap of villainy to earth.
 Behold this slave as serpent to my breast,
 He is the VULTURE would devour us all.

Omnes. How's this, SEJANUS?

Tib.

Ay that very slave,

Whom I have nurs'd and foster'd with my blood,

Whom

THE FAVOURITE.

Whom rais'd to highest honour and renown.
 Fathers, ye all seem much amaz'd — he looks surpriz'd,
 As if that guilt were foreign to his soul,
 Diffimulation shall not save thee now.
 Where is my son, thou traitor? Turn'st thou pale.
 What fate will your grave wisdoms here decree
 To him, who robb'd my noble son of life?

Sejan. With sudden accusation thus surpriz'd,
 I know not what to answer to my prince.
 'Tis hard that supposition should condemn,
 And blast my faithful services at once.
 May I not hope so much your highness' grace,
 As time of preparation for defence?

Tib. Too well I know thee to let favour smile
 Or give thee opportunity to 'scape.
 Thou would'st have time to alarm the servile herd
 Which by the pow'r I gave, thou hast obtain'd,
 As slavish sycophants to aid thy cause.
 I have taken care to seize thee unprepar'd;
 And by our awful CAPITOL I swear,
 Thou shalt meet fate before an hour's decline.
 If any here oppose the just decree,
 He shall be deem'd a traitor and my foe.

Sejan. Will then great CÆSAR sentence me to death,
 And criminate without an evidence?

Tib. To strike him dumb bring that EUDEMUS forth.

Var. This is most wonderful!

Afer. Beyond all belief.

Arrun. Now LEPIDUS behold the courtier fry,
 How prone they are, how liable to change.

Enter

A T R A G E D Y.

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Enter EUDEMUS.

Tib. This was the slave by thee suborn'd to act,
This was the *pandar* of thy hellish schemes,
Who now repenting has confess'd it all,
In hopes to gain a pardon from the state;
For shewing the distemper of our blood,
And bringing justice on thy wicked head.

(Aside) Sejan. Nay then I am undone. — This is no
proof.

Brib'd by my enemies he will say aught,
Those enemies I made by serving you.

Eud. Most grave and reverend senators of ROME,
For strictest justice in your councils fam'd;
You see me here a most unhappy wretch,
Stung with remorse, abhorring my own guilt,
Of basely joining in such wicked acts,
As this SEJANUS won me to perform.
Great DRUSUS fell by our complotted schemes,
And I've, for ever, lost my peace of mind.

Sejan. And will a tale form'd by an artful slave,
Without foundation, and devoid of truth,
So sway where awful justice should preside,
As to assail my life and rule my fate?

Tib. Canst thou so bravely then deny the fact?

Var. The guilt is plainly pictur'd in his look.

Afer. Lo! the fell tiger whets his tusks in vain.

Natta. A wolf assumes the cloathing of a lamb.

Sat. Who sees not through hypocrisy's thin veil,

Lat. He is a monster fraught with foul deceit.

Arr. Oh! the court birds begin to change their notes?

[Aside.

Eud.

64 THE FAVOURITE.

Eud. Since he has confidence to brave his guilt,
And to arraign the justice of the court ;
Fathers but send a messenger with me,
I will produce an object shall declare,
And speak so loud in proof of his misdeeds,
Evasion will no longer find a plea.

Tib. Say what thou canst produce.

Eud. Most mighty CÆSAR,
The faithless LIVIA, our lost prince's wife,
Betray'd by him to infamy and shame,
Now lies expiring by his murderous hands,
Left she should all his villainies reveal.

Tib. Go thou, ARRUNTIUS, prove the truth of this.

Sejan. Then fate conspires to work my certain fall,
This trouble spare, I now confess the whole,
And think it is but just, guilt should be found,
That took no better care to silence babbling tongues.

Tib. Art thou not terrify'd, abandon'd wretch,
To think what tortures wait upon thy crimes ?
Henceforth no trust be held, 'twixt man and man,
Since he, whom I still labour'd to promote,
Rais'd from obscurity to mate with kings,
Could use that pow'r unto such wicked ends.
Had'st thou no grateful feeling of my love ?
Wretch ! whence could thy villainies derive ?

Sejan. Since they are found, what matter whence they
sprung ;
But if thou wilt be told, know from ambition.
Your folly rais'd me to such glaring height,
As made me hope to step into a throne,
And my thoughts soar'd to universal sway,
Which I had nearly brought within my grasp.

Now

Now the gay dream is vanish'd from my sight.
 The clouds of fortune to the glare succeed.—
 Yet I complain not — had I been a king,
 Death must one day have seiz'd upon my crown —
 But come, ye thirsty bloodhounds of the state,
 I see ye long to lap my vital stream,
 Dispatch then, and at once my fate decree.

Var. Let him be stripp'd of all his honours first.

Afer. His images disrob'd and strait defac'd.

Lat. Most bloody villain!

Sat. Most abandon'd traitor!

Var. Then let him be led forth to public death.

Afer. Such as his crimes deserve.

Lat. To the most shameful!

Nat. Aye, and cruel.

Sejan. Right; ye time-serving sycophants and slaves!

But now ye were dependant on my nod,
 Bask'd in my looks, and dwelt upon my smiles:
 Nay strove with emulation, how to raise
 Such trophies as might eternize my name.
 Now with full cry ye hunt to a bay,
 And, snarling, strive who takes the foremost bite;
 Nor would TIBERIUS meet a better fate,
 Were he but once within your currish fangs.
 Ye are all just and wise to public view,
 While villainy lies lurking in your hearts.
 Ye are my judges who were once my slaves.
 Base veering: weathercocks of ev'ry blast,
 Who have not stedfastness to brave a gale;
 But on the centres of your interest turn.
 Your rotten hearts, still float with Fortune's tide,
 But never dare run counter to the stream.

K

Which

Which of ye all, when I had pow'r to serve,
 And feed with bribes your avaritious souls,
 But would with pleasure have obey'd command;
 Nor ever felt a conscientious qualm?
 It is a comfort at the close of life,
 That with my life such reptiles I forsake.
 Thus then I take my everlasting leave :
 May all your tongues, as ye together cry,
 Together rot, and in oblivion lie,
 All plagues that heav'n can send to human kind,
 All pangs of body, and all racks of mind;
 With jars intestine, discontents and strife
 Be your tormenters through each scene of life,
 May tyranny and blood o'erwhelm ye all,
 And may ye like the curs'd SEJANUS fall !

[Exit.

Tib. O miracle of villainy confess'd !
 Audacious and abandon'd to the last.
 Fathers, break up the senate for to-day,
 To-morrow we'll assemble here again,
 To heal those wounds by base SEJANUS made;
 To free my nephews, AGRIPPINA's sons,
 And all whose virtues have of late been press'd
 Beneath the pow'r of this tyrannic slave.

Thus through reflection's mirror we may view
 What dire effects from lawless acts ensue.
 Heav'n for some space may suffer vice to reign,
 But her foundation cannot long remain.
 When once the gods their awful pow'r assume
 She meets a certain, and a horrid doom ;
 The solid bliss which never feels decay,
 Can only flourish warm'd by *Virtue's* ray.

From

A T R A G E D Y.

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From me let future princes learn this truth,
To make no partial friendship in their youth.
And fav'rites trembling at SEJANUS' fate,
Shun the resentment of an injur'd state.

F I N I S.



New books just published and sold by J. BELL, and
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☞ In a work lately published, said to be written by a gentleman of great eminence in the republic of letters, is the following passage: "In short, if any one is desirous of seeing more of those beauties of language which he has admired in the book of Job, or in Isaiah; that is to say, would he see all the sublime treasures of eastern eloquence exhausted; he must read the Loves of Othniel and Achsah, which is so much superior to the pretended eastern poesy, with which the public have been so often deceived, that every line therein carries with it a sufficient conviction of its originality, and which must immediately be obvious to the most unlearned reader."

N. B. The Translator hath all along added notes explanatory of the more difficult passages; many of which at the same time tend to place several obscure passages of scripture in a new point of view. To the whole is prefixed, a history of the Zabians, with the nature of their learning and their modes of worship, affording convincing proof that the present is a remnant of their writings, so celebrated throughout all the east.

